

# THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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MARK SUTHERLAND:

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. K. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XXV.

He's had misfortunes, great and small;

But aye a soul above them far;

He'll be a credit to us a'

We'll a' prou'd o' Willie!—Burns.

Mark Sutherland went on board the *Vicress*, and almost immediately betook himself to the solitude of the forsaken hurricane deck, there to walk, and while the water breeze fanned his fevered brow, to reflect upon the sinfulness, the danger of an ungoverned lust of gold—upon the crimes to which it often leads, and upon the felonies made known to him that evening. The orgies of a noisy party of card-players in the saloon below occasionally broke upon his silence; and the sweet laughter of young girls, walking on the guards of the ladies' cabin, was borne upwards on the wind. But the hurricane deck was lonely, and there he paced up and down, wrapped in mournful thought, until the arrival of a noisy set, who, weary of the heated saloon, sought the free, fresh air above, and disturbed his solitude. Then he went below, and sought his berth.

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Mark Sutherland received his relative's demonstrations of attachment as best he might—he welcomed him, and went to the captain's office to see if he could secure a state-room for his enforced travelling companion; and by the time he had successfully accomplished his errand, the passengers were summoned to the breakfast-table; and the boat had cleared the wharf and was well under way up the Mississipi.

It was a slow voyage up the river, and on the afternoon of the twelfth day the steamer arrived at the wharf of Shelton. Mark Sutherland wished, if possible, to get rid of his troublesome travelling companion for a few hours, while he could go home quietly, and have an uninterrupted meeting and talk with his dear Rosalie. So, leaving all their baggage in the care of the clerk of the boat, Mark drew Uncle Billy's fat arm within his own, and conducted him to Col. Garner's hotel, to a private parlor containing a comfortable lounge and easy-chair. Here he ordered a luncheon of cold ham, foul, sardines, pickled oysters, port and champagne, and all the late newspapers the house could muster; and having seen them all arranged upon the table, to which the easy-chair was drawn up, and while Uncle Billy stretched his lazy length upon the lounge, Mr. Sutherland turned to Mr. Bolling, and said—

"And now, Uncle Billy, can you excuse me, and make yourself comfortable, while I run down to Rosalie and prepare her for your arrival?"

"Ah! yes; all right! Certainly! The child always was fond of me, and it might give her too much of a shock to meet me suddenly, after so long a separation! Very considerate of you, Mark, certainly—very!"

"Is there anything else I can order for you, before I go?"

"No, nothing; I am much obliged to you nephew."

"Well, if you should think of anything after I am gone, you can ring for it, you know."

"Yes—yes."

"Good afternoon for the present. I will come and fetch you at tea time."

"Yes; very well, I shall be ready. Hark ye, Mark! break my arrival to your wife cautiously, do you hear? Joy kills sometimes."

"I shall be careful not to endanger Rosalie's life," said Mark smiling, as he left the room.

No sooner had the door closed behind his nephew, than, with a sigh of profound satisfaction, Uncle Billy arose and sat down in the easy-chair, and drew the table toward him. In addition to everything else on the table there was a tall, black bottle, which Mr. Bolling took up, uncorked, and put to his nose with a look of delightful anticipation. He sat it down suddenly, with an expression of intense desire.

"Tomato catsup, by all that is detestable, and I thought it was port wine! Here, waiter (where the devil is the hell-port?) Waiter, I say!"

A man in a linen apron put his head in at the door—"Did you call, sir?"

"Yes; bring me a bottle of your best port wine."

The man withdrew, and after a while returned with a black bottle of the villainous drugged compound which is sold and bought as the best port wine, and which *bon vivants* like Mr. Bolling imbibe with perfect faith.

We will leave Uncle Billy to the enjoyment of his beloved creature comforts, and follow Mark Sutherland to his "sweet home."

CHAP. XXVI.

"A summer lodge amid the wilds:—  
'Tis shadow'd by the tulip-tree—'tis mantled by the vine—  
The sun sheds its yellow fruit from fragrant  
shade high—  
And flowers prairies from the door stretch till they  
meet the sky.—Byram."

On the backstairs of the town, embosomed in a grove of trees, stood Rose Cottage, the pleasant home of the Sutherlands. It was named partly from Rosalie, and partly from her favorite flower—the rose, of which every variety had been collected and cultivated to adorn her house and garden. The house itself was simple and plain in its structure—just an oblong two-story frame building, painted white with green Venetian blinds, and having four rooms on a floor, with a wide passage running through the centre from front to back, and with an upper and lower piazza running all around the house. The grounds were unpretending, too—behind the house a kitchen garden and young orchard; in front and at the sides a spacious yard, where single great forest trees were left standing, with rural seats fixed under their shade. In that rich and fertile soil

the favorite rose flourished luxuriantly. Rose trees adorned the yard, rose bushes hedged the parterres, rose vines shaded the arbors and climbed the pillars of the piazza, and gracefully festooned the eaves, and the fragrance of roses filled the air. What gave a tenderer interest to these beautiful roses was, that they were all love-offerings from the young girls and children to their beautiful and beloved teacher. Mark Sutherland approached this sweet home. Every care and sorrow dropped from his spirit as he opened the little wicket-gate that separated his garden of Eden from the wilderness. He walked on through the shaded yard to the house, and went up to the piazza and through the front door into the hall, or passage. Here two doors, opposite each other to the right and left, opened—one into their parlor and dining-room. He paused a moment, and listened, with a smile, as the low murmur of girls' voices revealed to him that the school was not yet dismissed. He opened the school-room door and entered. Surely, there never was a school-room so completely finished, as that certainly never was a teacher so lovely and so beloved. It was a spacious airy apartment, lighted with many windows, shaded at a little distance by the rose-wreathed pillars and eaves of the piazza. The furniture was of bright, cheerful contrast to the white walls and floor. Maps and pictures of rare beauty and appropriateness, decorated the walls, and shells and minerals and mosses adorned the tables. The young girls and children—some engaged in study, some in pencil-drawing or penmanship, and some in needle-work—looked cheery and very much at their ease. They left their seats and spoke to each other without infringing any rule, but all was done quietly and gracefully, as under the influence of a beloved mistress, whom they obeyed with no forced eye-service, and whom they would not for the world distress or annoy. And there, at the upper end of the room, on a platform raised but one step above the floor, on a chair, at a table, sat the young schoolmistress—the wife of four years' standing—scarce turned twenty-one, and with the loveliest and most delicate face and form in the world, yet by the power of her soul's strength and beauty keeping in sweet subjection a miscellaneous crowd of girls, of all ages, sizes and tempers. There she sat, with her sweet, fair face, and pale, golden, curly hair, and white muslin wrapper—looking the fairest girl among them all. When Mark entered, the quiet light of joy dawned in her eyes, and she arose and came softly down to meet him. There was a subdued gladness in the manner of both, as they met and clasped hands.

"My dearest Rose, you are looking so much better when I went away," said Mark, looking fondly at her, as the bloom deepened on her cheeks.

"I am better—I am well!" replied Rosalie, smiling and looking round upon her girls, several of whom, encouraged by her smile, left their seats, and came fluttering forward to welcome Mr. Sutherland with saucy pleasure. He had a merry jest or a loving word for each affectionate child, but soon sent them gaily back to their places, as the hour of dismissal had come. And Rosalie, accompanied by Mark, went back to her seat and called the school to order, and gave out and led the evening hymn that closed their exercises. When the song was finished, and the dear girls all gone, Mark Sutherland turned to his young wife, and with a smile of joy drew her to his bosom. But in a moment a shade of anxiety clouded his face; and, still clasping her close to his bosom, he asked—

"Rose, what makes your heart throb so violently?"

Rosalie raised her eyes to his face, and he noted that a sorrowful shade dimmed their lustre for an instant, but vanished before the smile with which she replied—

"I am so glad to see you, that is all."

"But your heart knocks so forcibly!"

"Come in the parlor, and let's sit down there and talk—I have so many things to tell you, and to ask you about," said Rosalie, evading his remarks; and gently withdrawing herself, she led the way into the parlor, and wheeled up an easy-chair, and begged him to "sit down and make himself at home."

But, first, he made her recline upon the lounge and rest, while he drew the chair up and sat by her side. And there she lay, with her sweet, spiritual face white as her drapery, except where all the color had concentrated in a crimsoned fiery spot in either cheek. She was breathing short, yet smiling gaily at her difficulty. She was watching her, and trying to feel if she was looking happy, yet thinking that after all she was not so well, when he had left her—perceiving that he had mistaken her fear for healthful bloom. He sat, trying to smile and talk cheerfully, yet with a dull, aching prophecy in his heart. It was in vain to stifle the rising anxiety. It found some vent in those words:

"My love, you work too hard, that school is hurting your health!"

"No, dear Mark, believe me, it is not—it keeps me up."

"It exhausts it prostrates you, my love—in-deed, it must be closed—that school must be closed!"

"Nothing so very now, I am sure, to be sure. A teacher's trials are like—like these troublesome mosquitoes," she said, crushing as she spoke, one of the melodic insects upon her hand, impatiently; "they are little to meet and conquer singly, but, coming in swarms, and without cessation, they sting one's nerves to distraction!"

She grew eloquent as she recovered breath, and went on:

"There is a fine drapery of romance thrown about the ideal of teaching, that will bear little of the rough handling of reality. It is delightful in perspective—this enthralling young self a pyramid of young hearts, whose upgushings are to waft you into the seventh heaven of self-complacency. It is delicious to fancy yourself the prime mover of an electrical battery, whose wires shall vibrate simultaneously in a hundred small breasts, at your lightest touch. But delusion is written on all those day-dreams! You seat yourself on that magic platform, a queen, and you are disenchanted into servant of servants. The eyes which you pictured turning to you, as the sun-flower to the sun, are wandering over desk and bench in search of paper balls, quill ends, or what-nots of mischievous contrivance. The young affections are bestow'd upon jack-knives and long-tailed kites; and the youthful ambition, works itself out through heels and hands, instead of head. You hammer away upon your own lungs, with little enough impression upon the pebbly souls before you! Don't shake your head so sadly, Aunt Hannah! I know thy duty, and I will not shrink from it for these obstacles; but sometimes they do swell mountain high!"

"Aunt Hannah," as Mary called her by the relationship of affection, not of kindred blood, was a strong-hearted spinster,—yes, a veritable "old maid"—of fifty years or more. She was calm and Quaker-like in her manners and in her dress; but her apartments were furnished in a style of comfortable elegance, that made them peculiarly attractive to young eyes. Being a "lone woman" and a woman of fortune, she usually bathed in its fountain of fresh life. Her house was a home for the homeless; and who is so homeless as a young teacher in a strange city? So thought the kind old lady, at least, when she took Mary to her heart and home as a daughter.

He raised his head, and looked at her sweet, wan face. He could not, for his life, tell anything to distress her; so he answered that Mr. Clement Sutherland was not yet prepared to give an account of his trust, but that all would be arranged before the close of the month.

Rosalie arose, and putting her shoulders, pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and was sliding away.

"Where are you going?" asked Mark, detaining her.

"To order tea, of course," she answered.

Suddenly Mr. Sutherland remembered Uncle Billy.

"Stop, Rosalie," he said, "I have got something to tell you."

And Rosalie sat down again; and Mark, in a painful and ludicrous embarrassment, related his meeting with Mr. Bolling, and the manner in which that impartial, disinterested gentleman had thrust him upon his new life.

"And where have you left him now?" asked Rosalie.

"At Col. Gardner's, enjoying himself. Really, dearest Rose, I feel very much annoyed that you should be troubled with this old man," said Mark Sutherland, in a tone of vexation.

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a club of ten, five of whom may be old ones, at  
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seen that the price of the paper, single copy, is two  
dollars a year. Agents will receive a subscriber,  
whom they obtain, the benefit of their mission,  
so that the subscriber, by their kindness, gets  
his paper for \$1.50, or \$1.75, as the case may be. \*

Subscriptions for half a year, from the 1st of  
July to the 31st of December, will be received.

G. BAILEY.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1853.

## NUMBER OF FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

We have received a number of letters lately  
from subscribers to the *Facts for the People*,  
complaining that the July number had failed to  
reach them. We know not how to account  
for this failure, unless it be through the carelessness  
of the distributing clerks of the Post Office Department. They were all carefully  
mailed from this office on the 30th of June.

Having printed a large edition of the first  
numbers, we have been able, so far, to supply  
those who have failed to receive them.

If any of the missing packages should be  
received by the subscribers to whom we have  
sent a second supply, they will confer a favor  
by returning them to this office.

## NAMES—THEIR VALUE AND SIGNIFICANCE.

We observe that the State Central Committee  
of New York address their call for a State  
Convention, which will be found in another  
column, "to the Independent Democracy of the  
State of New York." We are glad to see this, and it  
affords a fitting occasion to say a few  
words on the value and significance of names.

"*Names are things*" is universally ac-  
knowledged. The words chosen to designate  
party organizations are especially "things."  
They stand to the general eye, and for foreign  
nations, and for history, as descriptive of the  
character, nature, and tendencies of the organiza-  
tions themselves.

At the present moment, in this country, par-  
ties are in the process of dissolution and reor-  
ganization. But in this process they obey a  
law which is as real as that which controls the  
decay and renewal of the forms of nature.

Those whose vested interests or timid con-  
servatism make them averse to change, and  
lead them to oppose progress, and distrust all  
reforms, and especially the greatest, reform  
which the crisis demands—the divorce of the  
General Government from the Slave Power  
and its anti-progressive and despotic influ-  
ences—will naturally array themselves on one  
side; those who confide in God and the People,  
who dare to trust principles, who love progress,  
who are anxious to rescue the country from the  
grasp of the Slave Power, and to vindicate for  
her a place in the van of the world's advance-  
ment, will naturally array themselves on the  
other side.

**THE EASTERN QUESTION.**

Since our last, there have been two arrivals  
from Liverpool—the Arctic and the Asia. The  
latter brings dates to the 16th July, from Lon-  
don, but no news of a decisive character. The  
English Cabinet were still staying off the ex-  
planations and expositions demanded by Par-  
liament. Lord John Russell, on the 14th, stated  
that the Government was not "dead-locked,"  
but was proceeding in the joint negotiation  
with France for a peaceful settlement of the  
Russo-Turkish difficulties; that there were  
propositions which he believed might be ac-  
cused to the parties concerned. He was  
not certain that his hopes would be justified;  
he acknowledged a mistake as to the purport  
of the last manifesto of Russia, and now thought  
that the intention of Russia to make the with-  
drawal of the allied fleet from the Turkish  
waters the condition of the evacuation of the  
principality, was expressed in that document.  
He had been unwilling to so understand the  
paper, because of the absurdity of the reasoning  
on which it must rest. All of which sounds  
to us very much like twaddle. England is be-  
having very badly in this matter, just now.

From Paris comes a statement that a joint  
proposal of England and France has been  
drawn up and forwarded to the Czar, in three  
different forms for his choice, guaranteeing that  
the Sultan will sign whichever of them he se-  
lects. These notes are in the middle distance  
between the ultimatum of Russia and the con-  
cessions the Porte has been willing to make.

Peace principles seem to be in the ascendant,  
which would be comforting, if fraud were not  
sometimes worse than force.

The English Cabinet is represented as  
scarcely able to hold together, upon this ques-  
tion.

A despatch from Constantinople, June 30th,  
says that the Sultan has sent to the mint all  
the plate he inherited from his mother, valued  
at above a million of dollars, and has effected  
some very large loans.

An affair turned up at Smyrna, of some in-  
terest to us. A band of Austrians arrested a  
Hungarian, who, they alleged, had been with  
Kossuth at Kutayah, and was permitted to ac-  
company him to America, on condition of re-  
turning no more to Turkish territory. He was  
dragged on board an Austrian brig, where he  
was heavily ironed. Mr. Brown, the United  
States Consul, learning that this man, whose  
name is Costa, was last from America, and  
had the Austrian Consul about him, professed  
to know nothing about the arrest. Mr. Brown  
then went to the brig, but was refused an in-  
terview with the prisoner. Just at that jun-  
ture, the American corvette St. Louis, Captain  
Stringham commanding, sailed into the har-  
bor. The consul, reinforced by the captain,  
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## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. A Series of Lectures. By W. M. Thackery. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington, D. C.

It is almost needless to say these are the same lectures that were delivered by Mr. Thackery in our principal Northern cities during the past winter. To those who were so unfortunate as not to hear them, we may say that there is probably nothing in modern literature so admirable and so perfect of their kind; for, in addition to the enthusiasm engendered by his unquestionable native predilection for the era in English literature marked by the subjects of these lectures, the fact that it was a path untried before, by his feet, would naturally urge the author to a greater degree of caution and circumspection than usual, and lead him to study closely and earnestly every thing relating to his undertaking—to scrutinize carefully each chapter, in all its aspects, and to estimate, with nicest care, each point and feature. At all events, the result fully warrants such a supposition. To those that heard them, we can give the assurance that the rare pleasure with which they listened to their humorous portraiture, graphic descriptions, and subtle analyses of character (marking every page) from the lips of the author, will not abate one jot at reading them over in a cool nook during these golden days; for, though it would be impossible not to miss Mr. T.'s peculiarly quaint and genial style of delivery, they possess so many smoothly-folded sarcasms, so many half-hidden, violet-like felicities of expression, and such a continuous flow of ever-varying yet ever-admirable humor, that each fresh reading develops a fresh charm.

We did not intend to say so many words in praise of a book that needs so few; but, having just come from its delightful pages, we could not resist the impulse. \*

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington, D. C.

We have here, in two neat volumes, a general history of the most prominent features of the life of this distinguished theologian. It is made up of his own letters, interspersed with sketches from a number of his intimate friends and associates, giving interesting incidents, anecdotes and general reminiscences of various periods of his life. The writer is carefully arranged, with as much regard to chronology as possible, and constitutes a book that will be gladly received by the many friends and admirers of the subject. A steel engraved portrait is prefixed. \*

## POLITICS IN OHIO.

The general aspect of political affairs in Ohio seems to be favorable to the Independent Democracy. Their platform is sound, their energies untiring, their spirit undaunted, their candidates undeviating friends of the cause. In some portions of the State we notice an effort to make coalesce with other parties, or run what is called a "People's Ticket," pledged to "Legislative Reforms." This is rather indefinite, and some trickery may lurk under it. It is, at best, but a narrow platform. The first object of the Independent Democracy, it seems to us, should be to gain as large a vote as practicable for the State ticket, as by this vote will the strength of the party be measured by persons at a distance. If the vote for the State candidates is large, the influence of the party abroad will be potential; if otherwise, its influence will be correspondingly decreased. A second object should be to elect such men, and such men only, as members of the Legislature, who will be likely to return a firm and reliable Independent Democrat to the United States Senate. This consideration, as our correspondence testifies, occupies a prominent place among the motives which actuate our friends in that State.

The Hunkers of both the Compromise parties will doubtless use all efforts, and coalesce, if need be, to defeat the re-election of Mr. Chase; and this catastrophe should by all means be prevented. In counties where our friends have no candidate for the Legislature, they should throw their votes and influence for the most liberal candidate that may be presented for their suffrages, whether Whig or Democratic. If they cannot vote for a candidate of their own, they should vote for the one most likely to carry out their views. We do not say this in the spirit of dictation, for we believe our friends in Ohio appreciate their position; but we throw out these observations to remind them that the people of the Union are observing the contest now going on in their midst, and will judge the outcome above alluded to, are good Anti-Slavery

## EXCITEMENT IN BALTIMORE.

On Sunday afternoon, the 24th ult., a blind preacher, named John Mitchell, who has been in the habit of preaching in the markets of that city for years, was interrupted in his discourse at the Richmond market, by a number of city policemen, who stated that they had orders to prevent the meeting. Officer Gordell seized the preacher by the arm, and threatened to take him to the station house, unless he desisted. Some of the citizens present remonstrated at this effort to suppress a religious meeting; whereupon Gordell, it is said, drew a revolver upon the crowd, and threatened to fire. In the mean time the preacher was led to the portico of the Methodist Episcopal (Strawbridge) Church, where he finished his discourse. A large number of persons who witnessed the affair, called on Mayor Hollins, and obtained a hearing on the following morning. A committee appointed at a public meeting of the citizens waited upon the Mayor, who informed them that he considered the blind preacher's remarks inflammatory, with a tendency to create riot, and accordingly had authorized the police to stop such proceedings. The following interrogatories were put to his honor by the committee:

"1st. Should a portion of the citizens of this city hold a public temperance meeting in any of the market-places, and the speaker were to use language in the discussion of his subject, which should conflict with the interests of a certain class, the liquor dealers, and a riot should ensue, who would you hold responsible for the riot, and who would you hold arrested?" His Honor answered promptly, "The speaker would be held responsible, and he be arrested."

"2d. Should a minister of the gospel preach in his own church, and utter sentiments distasteful to persons outside, and they, the outsiders, create a riot in consequence? Who would be held responsible for the riot?" His Honor answered, the minister; and he would be held responsible out of his pulpit, if he used language that should give offence to any.

"3d. Should a minister of the gospel, in the discharge of his ministerial functions in preaching what he believed to be the truth, use language which should give offence, though not intended, and persons, taking exception thereto, should create a riot, who would you hold responsible for the riot?" His Honor again answered,

"4th. Should a portion of the citizens of this city hold a public temperance meeting in any of the market-places, and the speaker were to use language in the discussion of his subject, which should conflict with the interests of a certain class, the liquor dealers, and a riot should ensue, who would you hold responsible for the riot, and who would you hold arrested?" His Honor answered promptly, "The speaker would be held responsible, and he be arrested."

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"6th. Will your Honor please to inform us who is to be the judge of the import of the language used?" His Honor answered, the minister, of course; and added—"If, however, the language used by the minister should create a riot, then he would be held responsible for it."

Signed, Rob. T. Smith, H. C. Smith, H. Rowles, John H. Miller, John G. Wilmet, J. S. Speight, Wm. Paul.

The meeting denounced the conduct of the Mayor, as giving "official countenance to mob laws," and advised the arrest of the parties who disturbed the meeting under the laws of Maryland for the protection of religious meetings. The affair has created considerable feeling.

While here, I have had the pleasure of listening to an elaborate speech by Mr. Chase, the United States Senator from this State, defining his political position, and advocating the principles of the Independent Democracy. I will not attempt to sketch his speech; but perhaps your readers would like to know the political position occupied by him and his friends in the present Ohio campaign. Mr. Chase has done more to reduce the principles of the party with which he is identified to a harmonious whole, and to place them on the broad basis of Democracy, than any man of the party—indeed, than all the others. On this occasion, he avowed himself a Democrat, holding sacred the great democratic truth of man's equality, and the duty of government to protect him in the enjoyment of his equal and inalienable rights by general and impartial laws. He declared in his favor the Ohio Democratic platform, the Anti-Slavery portion of which was first promulgated in 1848, and has been reiterated annually at every State Convention of the Democracy since, and said he was ready to stand upon it. He compared this platform with the platform of the Democracy put forth at Baltimore in June last, contending that in no particular did he harmonize; and said that, as an honest, consistent man, he could not stand upon both platforms, but was compelled to choose between them; and, thus placed, he could not hesitate, but must stand by the free and noble principles of the Ohio Democracy, instead of those of Baltimore, dictated by the slave power.

He gave a history of the condition of Slavery at the time of the formation of our Government; of the expectation of our fathers of its speedy termination; the causes which have prevented this expectation from being realized, and the growth of the slave power. He showed how this power, in former years, had mostly united at general elections with the Democratic party, holding, in common with it, the doctrine of State rights, and believing as it did, while the General Government was, as in its outset, Anti-Slavery, that the only security for Slavery was in State rights; but now, he declared that we must look for a change of policy on the part of slaveholders; that the Government of the United States was now under Pro-Slavery influences; and slaveholders, seeing it could be wedded for the support of their peculiar institution, would abandon their State rights theory, would go for increasing the power of the National Government—would identify themselves with the property interests of the rich men of the North—and that the Democracy must either practically abandon the old Jeffersonian doctrine of State rights and protection of the *rights of man*, instead of property interests, or the union of political action between it and slaveholders must cease. He declared that the slave power was now the ruling power of the country, standing in the way of all substantial progress; and that it is opposed to all reform in the army and navy; to retrenchment in the expenditures of the National Government; to the passage of an efficient homestead law; to the annexation of territory from which to make free States, and to all efforts tending to promote freedom in this and all other lands. He then declared his creed of national politics to be summed up in these words: "Decentralize Slavery—Decentralize Power." By decentralizing Slavery, he meant the practical application of that clause of the Constitution, which gives Congress the exclusive jurisdiction, which provides that "No person shall be deprived of liberty without due process of law." This of course, would abolish Slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, do away with the carrying of slaves upon the high seas in vessels sailing under the protection of our national laws, and would protect our Territories from the curse of Slavery. By decentralizing Power, he meant restricting the action of Congress carefully within the grants of the Constitution; retrenching the expenditures of the Government, and reducing the revenue to its absolute wants; granting the public lands free of cost, to actual settlers—thus purifying the Halls and lobbies of Congress from hungry speculators, and preserving its members from many temptations to corruption—and electing all national officers by the people, so far as it can be done consistently with an efficient administration of the Government. By this decentralizing Slavery and decentralizing Power, Mr. Chase believes the National Government would be freed from the dominion of a slaveholding oligarchy, Slavery would be circumscribed within its present limits, and emancipation necessarily soon take place in the Northern slave-breeding States, and eventually in all the States, and the National Government would be fitted for its great work of elevating the laboring masses, spread-

ing far and near its democratic institutions, and would very be active on the side of freedom at home and abroad, cheering the hearts of the democracy in all lands, and holding tyants everywhere in check.

The whole speech was able and candid, abounding in argument and fact, from marshness and denunciation. Mr. Chase spoke in declamation, and attempts any oratorical displays. As a public speaker, he claims the attention of his audience by his clear thoughts, lucid arrangement, appropriate language, and candid and courteous manner. At times, he is very forcible and impressive. During this speech, he at one time exclaimed, "Think friends what it is to be born a slave to be born without a God—with nothing but a master!"

So may all doughfaces be rebuked, when they palter to prejudice and display their own

co-laborers have organized here; why should we not go and do likewise? There is surely room and room enough for both divisions of the great army.

Speaking of the no-voting Anti-Slavery folk, reminds me to say, I do with lively pleasure, that they intend to celebrate the anniversary of West India emancipation, at Flushing, on the 4th of August. William Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley are among the speakers announced for the occasion, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. I shall make it a point to attend this gathering of the friends of liberty.

There is a paragraph going the rounds of Southern papers, and more cotton-bound ones of the North, to the effect that the Supreme Court of New York, at its sitting a week or two since, pronounced a decision distinctly affirming the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. You may safely stop that ball, until there is better authority for its rolling farther down South. What a part of a court—a judge or two—have given as their opinions, is a very different thing from a "decision" from a full bench. Let us not despair of this "Empire" so hastily! There is hope in its public sentiment still, and to the influence of that public sentiment the judicial robes should be silent, but wholly insulate our judges any more than other people, with hearts to sympathize with co-operation and brotherhood.

ENCOURAGING.—A correspondent at Berlin Centre, Ohio, orders twenty copies of *Facts for the People*, and states that on the 3d of June, 1837, Maria R. Robinson, editor of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, was assaulted, tarred and feathered, for lecturing on Slavery—one doctor, one deacon, and a justice of the peace, depositing that it was *unconstitutional* to lecture on Slavery. As an indication of improved public sentiment, he states that last year the vote in that place stood—Pierce 100, Hale 84, Scott 45, while some of those who committed the outrage above alluded to, are good Anti-Slavery men.

LATEST FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Northern Light arrived at New York on the 25th ult., bringing California news to July 1st. This steamer brings nearly \$400,000 in gold, and reports \$1,645,799 shipped from San Francisco by the steamer Oregon for Panama.

The news from the mining districts is of a favorable character. New discoveries of gold are announced, and the returns from the old diggings continue to be encouraging. Two destructive fires have occurred in the interior, consuming the whole of Shasta City and the town of Rough and Ready, Nevada county.

The Democratic State Convention assembled at Benicia, and, after a severe fight of three days, the following ticket was nominated:

Democratic State Ticket.—For Governor—John Bigler; Lieut. Governor—Samuel Purdy; Judge of Supreme Court—Alexander Wells; Treasurer—S. A. McMeans; Comptroller—Samuel Bell; Attorney General—John R. McConnell; Superintendent of Public Instruction—Paul K. Hubbs; Surveyor General—S. H. Marlette.

On the first ballot for Governor, Bigler, the present incumbent, received 134 votes; Rich'd, Oregon 60; and Hann 47. Bigler's majority, 27.

The nomination of Gov. Bigler has created considerable dissatisfaction in the ranks of the Democratic Democracy.

Flint, Peabody, & Co. have transmitted to the New York Crystal Palace a case containing samples of all our (California) grains; among which are oats, ten feet three inches in height, with heads twenty-two to twenty-eight inches long; also, seventy stalks of wheat, the product for single grain, producing altogether (4,200) four thousand two hundred grains; also, a quantity of wheat heads, containing fifty to eighty grains to each.

Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, who was one of the leaders in the attempt at Ireland's liberation in 1848, and who, with O'Brien, Meagher, McNamee, and others, was condemned to death, was recently released from his prison-house in Van Dieman's Land, and arrived at New York by the Northern Light, via California. He leaves behind him, in exile, four of his companions, viz: Mitchell, Martin, McNamee, and O'Brien.

Lord Baltimore was in his personal character the reverse of Roger Williams. We have no reason to doubt that he was tolerant; but certainly General Pierce ought to be sufficiently familiar with history to know that the banner of religious freedom was first unfurled by Roger Williams, and that the religious toleration of Maryland, as far as it existed, was a necessity imposed upon the colonists, not a concession granted by them. The colony was held of a Protestant prince, and it had not the power to exclude the Protestant religion. The attempt to do so would have drawn upon it the immediate vengeance of the master country, and might have ended in the extinction of the Roman Catholic religion. Even as it was, Maryland enacted that whoever denied the Trinity should suffer death! Was this "undrilled toleration?"

Roger Williams repudiated the idea of toleration, because it seemed to imply the right of Government to withhold, as well as to give. He denied the power of human government over the conscience, and held that all liberty was granted by God, and that any human power exceeded its just authority in restraining it. He held that the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, was as clear as the right to see or to breathe. And in maintenance of this great principle, even yet imperfectly understood, but which he grasped in all its breadth, he turned to the pathless wilderness, and offered his prayers where no roof interposed between him and God. God heard and never wavered.

We intend to publish this work early in August. It will make an elegant 12mo. of about 500 pages, will fill a full length portrait and a medallion likeness, in steel, of Mr. Hopper. Retail price, \$1.25, bound in cloth.

At the time of the death of the venerable and excellent man, numerous notices appeared in papers of all parties and sects. We make a few extracts from the *California Journal*.

"The venerable Isaac T. Hopper, whose placid, benevolent face has so long irradiated almost every public meeting for doing good, and whose name, influence, and labors, have been devoted with an apostolic simplicity and constancy to human happiness, died yesterday at his residence in Philadelphia, at the age of nearly four-score years, and endued him not only to the thousands who were the immediate participants of his beneficence, but to all who knew him.

His was the most expansive of all the virtues, and extended to the *posterior* changes of the day, but extended itself amidst the *vicissitudes* of fortune, regardless of color or condition. In the cities of Philadelphia and New York, where his active life was mostly spent, thousands upon thousands can bear testimony to the interest and love he inspired.

With truth he may be called the HOWARD OF AMERICA. Mrs. Curtis having spent several years in his family, and being perfectly familiar with his history, others, was the person to write "A True Life." A true model, and her task has been performed in her biography.

"A True Life," indeed, was the life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, and MRS. CURTIS has presented it truly. Seascapes a citizen of Philadelphia or New York was seen from day to day, passing through the great thoroughfares, and threading the narrow lanes and byways, searching out the wayward and the wandering, that he might rescue them from crime and degradation, and administer comfort and solace and heaven to the distressed and suffering. The poor, hasted fugitives found in him a friend ready to receive and ready and never weary.

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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNIVERSITY.

By ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Grand revelation of God infinite;  
A living outgrowth of divine completeness;  
This universe of order—holding in it  
A fountain of economies and uses;  
Outpouring from the vined heart of nature  
And freely flowing for each living creature.

A house, with many mansions; a fair city,  
Peopled with many celestial spirits;  
Ethereal natures, full of tender pity  
For those who less angelic gifts inherit.  
A realm of art, a glowing world of beauty,  
Bodied in this wonderful creation;  
Informed with high intelligence and duty,  
Free to receive divine revelation.

An epic poem of existence, flowing  
In music from the heart of the Eternal;

A pearl of life, a jehannah, glowing

With joy, and crowned with harmonies supernal.

Fane of worship, where the choral voices  
Of peace, good will, and joy are hushed, oh never!

Where the infinite life of love rejoices;

Where spiritual truths are ripe forever;

Blessings outpoured from the veined heart of nature,

And freely flowing for each living creature.

THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY AND ITS PREACHER.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The Managers of the American Bible Society deemed it expedient to evince their respect for the "peculiar institution" by selecting certain of the most notorious of its champions as the recipients of their honors. The Rev. Gardner Spring was chosen last year to officiate at their anniversary; and, again, this Spring, to make the dedicatory prayer at the opening of the new Bible House. This divine had distinguished himself by acting as chaplain in the New York Union Saving Committee, and by his pamphlet in which he declared that could be libel to the slaves by a prelate who would not offend them; and in which he rejoiced that the effect of the Fugitive Law would be to drive fugitives out of New York. These same managers also selected the Envoy of the New York Observatory, the great organ of cotton divinity, and the "pilgrim" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as "an anti-Christian book" to represent the Bible cause in this country, on the platform of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The City Auxiliary has emulated the patriotic example of the parent institution. At its anniversary, the Rev. WILLIAM S. PLUMMER of Baltimore was appointed its preacher. This Rev. Dr. of Divinity has long been known, not only as a slaveholder, but as one of the most virulent and malignant of his class.

Some time since, the Rev. J. Cable, in a published letter, remarked: "I have lived eight years in a slave State, (Virginia,) and received a theological education at the Union Theological Seminary, near Hampden, Sydney College. Those who know anything about slavery, know that the worst kind is *jobbing slavery*—that is, hiring out slaves from year to year, while the master is not present to protect them. It is the interest of the one who hires them to get the worth of his money out of them; and the loss is the master's if they die. What shocked me more than anything else, was the *Church* engaging in this jobbing of slaves. The College Church, which I attended, held slaves enough to pay the pastor, Mr. Stanton, one thousand dollars a year, which the Church members, as I understand, did not pay a cent."

Let us now attend to some of the confessions of the Southern Pharisees, as to the results of this coerced ignorance. The Rev. C. C. Jones, in a sermon in Georgia, and published in Savannah, says: "The description which the Apostle Paul in his epistle to the Romans gives of the heathen world, will apply, with very little abatement, to our negroes. Generally speaking, they appear to be without hope and without God in the world—a nation of *heathen in our very midst*. We cannot cry out against the Papists [Mr. Plummer has more brass than Mr. Jones] for plundering the Scriptures from the common people, and keeping them in ignorance of the way of life, for we *withhold the Bible* from our servants, and keep them in ignorance, while we will not use the means to have it read and explained to them."

Now listen to the confession of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, (Report of 1833, published in Charleston.) "Who would credit it, that in these years of revival and benevolent effort, in this Christian Republic there are two millions of human beings in the condition of *heathen*, and, in some respects, in a worse condition? From long-contested and close observation, we believe that their moral and religious condition is such that they may justly be considered the *heathen* of this Christian country, and will bear their comparison with heathen of any part of the world?"

And to what action are these terrible confessions intended to lead? To the knowledge of letters and the gift of the Bible? Very far from the Southern Pharisees, any intention of making the key of knowledge, which they take away, available to read newspapers, yet the Missionaries are aroused and filled me with alarm. The old spirit of Federal and Republican threatened nothing, because it existed in every State, and united them together by the fraternalism of party; but the coincidence of a marked principle, moral and political, with a geographical line, once conceived, I feared would never more be obviated from the mind; that it would be recurring on every occasion, and renewing irritations until it would kindle such mutual and mortal hatred, as to render separation preferable to eternal discord. I have been among the most sanguine in believing that our Union would be of long duration. I now doubt it much, and the direct consequence of this question: not by the line which has been so confidently counted on; the laws of Nature control this; but by the Potomac, Ohio and Missouri, or, more probably, the Mississippi, upwards to Northern boundary. My only comfort and confidence is, that I shall not live to see this; and I envy not the present generation the glory of throwing away the fruits of their fathers' sacrifices of life and fortune, and of rendering desperate the experiment which was to decide ultimately whether man is capable of self-government. This treason against human nature, will signalize their epoch in future history, as the counterpart of the medal of their predecessors—*Page 322.*

To John Holmes.

MONTICELLO, April 22, 1820.

I thank you, dear sir, for the copy you have been so kind as to send me of the letter to your constituents on the Missouri question. It is a perfect justification to them. I had for a long time ceased to read newspapers, or pay any attention to public affairs, confident that the Mississippian Society was averted for asking some slaves if they could read, and it was said Black (the agent) had exceeded his commission in offering it." To satisfy their consciences in taking away the key of knowledge, these Southern clergymen recommend oral instruction. To avoid all suspicion of want of patriotism, the North Carolina Baptist Convention, after recommending the religious instruction of colored people, added the following saving resolve:

"Resolved, That by religious instruction, be understood verbal communications on religious subjects!"

Among these verbal communications, the following are never omitted, viz.: That God has made them slaves, and that He will punish them in the next world, if they disobey their masters, steal from them, or run away. Slave catechisms are also prepared, which the orally instructed are taught to repeat *memoriter*. In Mr. C. C. Jones' catechism for slaves, we have the following: "Is it right for the servant to run away? Or is it right to harbor a runaway? No! Of course care is taken that the slaves shall not like the Boreans, 'search the Scriptures, and see whether these things are so.'

Now Dr. Plummer is perfectly aware of the state of things at the South, and has left his example and influence to practice to keep the slaves in ignorance and bondage; and yet he had the assurance to come to New York, and there utter a tirade against "papist Pharisees," for taking away the key of knowledge; when the sin, and the woe, denounced against him in Scriptures, fall with tenfold weight upon himself and his brother slaveholders.

We want no such defenders of Protestantism as Dr. Plummer. He betrays the cause in the very act of defending it. Catholics have as much right to take away the key of knowledge as the reverend preacher himself. If the Bible may be withheld from the slave, to render him more obedient to his master, it may also be withheld from the Papist, to make him more obedient to his priest. Nor do we want any such advocate for Bible Societies, as the New York Society chose for its preacher. Bible Societies are founded on the principle that *all*, without exception, have a right to read the word of God; and any man who advocates the coerced ignorance of slaves, is a disgrace to a Bible Society, and ought forthwith to be expelled.

Holy and blessed is the professed object of Bible Societies. Let the New York managers beware how they attempt to render these institutions subservient to the Cotton Interest—these agents of Union-saving Committees. Their late efforts have given just and deep offence, and afforded new grounds to the infidelity of reproaching the inconsistency and hypocrisy of Christians."

A BIBLE SOCIETY MEMBER.

MEXICO.—The *Pizayene* has dates to 11th June. General Trias and his forces have been withdrawn from the occupation of the Mesilla Valley. A large meeting had been held at Santa Fe, to petition Congress for the removal of the California Indians in New Mexico. \*

The Washington Star says that President Pierce will not leave Washington to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

On the eclipse of Federalism with us, although not its extinction, its leaders got up the Missouri question, under the false front of lessening the measure of slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties, which might insure the next President. The people of the North went blindfold into the snare, followed their leaders for a while with a zeal truly moral and laudable, until they became sensible that the real interests were

injury instead of aiding the real interests of man!—*Page 338.*

To M. de Lafayette.

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